THEATERS IN NEW YORK

LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY IS "THE KNICKERBOCKER GIRL."

Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden Worth Seeing—Hoosier Zouaves Engaged There—"The Runaways."

Staff Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW YORK, June 19.—There appears to be an unwritten but immutable law that summer theatrical amusements must be airy and frothy, nonsensical and purposeless, the supposition being that amusement seekers do not care to tax their brains during the heated term. So far this summer New York has had very little hot weather, but the frivolous summer shows are in vogue just the same—and what inane shows most of them are to be sure!

The newest of the musical comedies is "The Knickerbocker Girl," presented for the first time at the Herald-square Theater Monday night—the newest and worst of them all. The libretto of the piece was written by the outrageous George Totten Smith and the music was composed by the prolific but unoriginal Alfred E. Aarons. The music is at times tuneful enough to command attention; the libretto at all times invites contempt. "If it takes a handful of sawdust to fill a lamppost how far will a mustard seed have to fall to bust an oyster?" asks one of the side-splitting comedians of the company, and from another equally humorous jokester comes the witty answer, "The cars go across Thirty-fourth street." At which delicious exchange of bright conversation the chorus girls on the stage and their empty-headed admirers in the front row of the orchestra go into paroxisms of mirth. There are other bits of dialogue in "The Knickerbocker Girl" almost as humorous, but not quite.

There is no story, no plot, no continuity to this latest girl show. It might just as well be called a "Basket of Prunes" as by its present title. There is just one feature about it that may carry it through the summer at the Herald-square—the pictorial splendors of a few gorgeous scenes thronged with beauty that is just about as unadorned as the law will permit. In some of the other frothy musical entertainments now running in the metropolis there is a tendency toward too much costuming and an overabundance of swishing skirts and lingerie, big picture hats—"awnings," as Willie Collier calls them—and opera cloaks and yards of silks and satins. Not so "The Knickerbocker Girl." The maidens of the merry, merry chorus are so scantily attired from the beginning to the end of the piece that the cool weather of this last week must have been a matter of deep concern to all of them.

The principals are Josephine Hall, who used to sing "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," and who can be really entertaining when given the opportunity; Harry Kelly, who will be remembered in Indianapolis as the sailor boy, Sinbad, in the big production of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" several years ago; W. H. Sloan, who always manages to become mixed up in shows of this class, and Sidney Deane, who has no business to become mixed up with any sort of theatrical entertainment. This quartet of performers does its best to keep the audience from realizing the absolute worthlessness of the libretto. Three of them sing and Mr. Deane tries to. One of the chorus girls, Edythe Moyer, worked so hard for the success of the show on the opening night that during one of the spectacular dances she injured a tendon in her knee and had to be carried from the stage. Mr. Deane had evidently injured a tendon in his voice before the performance began, but all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't have dragged him away from the footlights. He was bent upon showing just how badly songs could be sung, and, in the language of the knockabout comedian at Tony Pastor's, he done it.

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One summer show in New York that visiting Indianians cannot afford to miss is the big vaudeville entertainment at Oscar Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Gardens. The biggest act on the exceptionally good bill this week is furnished by eighteen young fellows from Indianapolis and their work on the stage, together with the enthusiasm with which it is received by the audience, will stir the Hoosier pride of all good folks from the country of the Wabash. The act in question is the wonderful "double-quick" exhibition drill given by the Hoosier Zouaves, under command of Captain Louis Fox. The act was engaged for four weeks, but so great has been the hit of the Indianapolis boys that Manager Hammerstein will probably retain the hustling little company of soldiers at his roof garden throughout the entire summer.

There have been other zouave companies to command attention on the vaudeville stage during the last four years, but the Hoosiers are undoubtedly the best of them all — for show purposes, at least. The Streator Zouaves, now in South Africa, scored a success in New York, as did also the Aurora Zouaves, but the little troop of scampering militiamen on the stage at Hammerstein's is bringing the big crowds of spectators to their feet every night, for the audiences go wild with enthusiasm and not only applaud with hand-clapping, but burst into cheers and cries of "Bravo!" as the exciting conclusion of the drill is reached. This climax of the exhibition is indeed a thrilling one. A high rampart is erected in the rear of the stage. There is no slant whatever to it and no possible way of securing a foothold in attempting to climb it. With lightning-like rapidity the zouaves, through the most remarkable series of jumps and swings from hand to hand and from shoulder to shoulder, vanish over the high wall, bearing their "dead comrades" along with them and tossing their little captain over as easily as if he were a tennis ball being sent skyward with a racket.

Captain Fox is the littlest commander in the country, perhaps, but if ever a man knew how to conduct a rapid-fire military drill that man is this same little Napoleon from Indianapolis. He has trained his men so that they are absolutely perfect in their work, and it is doubtful if a finer exhibition of the kind is to be seen anywhere in the world. Just once, since the company started filling vaudeville engagements two months ago, has there been a serious slip of any kind. That was when one of the boys, Fred Moritz, fell and broke his arm during the scaling of the rampart while the troop was performing in Toronto. It is amazing that more accidents have not occurred, as the rampart exhibition is a very dangerous one.

The young Indianapolis men who make up this very successful organization are Captain Fox, Fred Hartman, Harry Argus, Clay Burnett, Harry Gurd, George Woods, Fred Moritz, John Heaton, Ralph Miley, Fred Kepner, Jacob Daub, Charles O'Donnell, Harry Ryan, Corney Pierson, Harry Arnold, Joseph Lawhorn, Richard Wehlermann and Leonard Uprichard. The troop has two years of vaudeville engagements "booked solid," as the agents say, continuing in the United States throughout this summer and winter and going to Europe at about this time next year. The Hoosiers will be seen in their home town at the Grand during the regular vaudeville season.

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Fay Templeton, recently seen in Indianapolis with the Weber & Fields combination, made her first appearance Monday evening with the musical show, "The Runaways," at the Casino, and injected life, vivacity and sparkle into an entertainment that has not been altogether a success up to this time. Theatrical people along the Rialto think that Miss Templeton has made a very great mistake in severing her connection with the Weber & Fields forces, and it is prophesied that this excellent comedienne will return before many moons to the little Broadway music hall where her success has been so pronounced. However this may be, she has made a big hit with "The Runaways," and will save that show from the collapse which threatened it. She gives all of her old imitations of favorite actresses, and, in addition, is now doing a delicious little burlesque of her erstwhile stage associate, Lillian Russell, showing how Miss Russell goes about singing "Come Down, My Evening Star," in "Twirly-Whirly." Miss Templeton is without doubt the most artistic comedienne on the American stage. She is funny without being brazen and she is assertive without being in any way impertinent. The actress whom she satirizes cannot take offense, as there is nothing but good humor and natural wit in all of her work.

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Creatore, the Italian bandmaster who created such a furore in New York last summer, has just commenced a long engagement at the St. Nicholas Garden. He has a half hundred bandsmen to look after, and the way in which he oversees them is worth going miles to witness. There never before was such an emotional conductor as Creatore. His name, by the way, is pronounced Cray-a-to-ray! He shrugs and frowns and goes through an endless repertoire of gestures and contortions—and the band plays on, without any regard for him whatever, and plays good music, too. It's all nonsense to say that his musicians become filled with the emotion that the nervous leader attempts to fire into them. They are so accustomed to his acrobatic performances that they pay no attention to them, but give their minds to the music before their eyes and play it as they know it should be played. And when the number is at an end they calmly shake the moisture out of their brasses and reeds and gaze out wistfully over the audience, evidently wishing that they, too, were drinking beer or sipping mint julips through straws. But as for Creatore himself, when the band selection comes to an end, he is "all in," as the sports say of the pugilist who has not made good, and he drags his long, weary legs to his retiring room, mopping the gigantic drops of perspiration from his brow as he goes and shaking his sticky, long black hair away from his collarbone. And when he reaches his retiring room—well, nobody knows just what happens, but presumably he falls into a blue fit—whatever that may be.

LOUIS W. JONES.

The Voyage of Dreams.

Ho, yo ho, for a voyage of dreams
When dim, blue night draws back the curtain,
And sleep, man's master, strong and certain,
Supplants with life the fact life seems!

Lift anchor, then, and cast behind
The land of tears and separation;
Along the coast each lighthouse station
Points to the South and a favoring wind.

Ho, yo ho, for the turquoise sea,
And the blessed isles of Love and Laughter!
The gale flies on, and the ship flies after,
And here's a harbor for you and me.

Rocks and sand and a vessel beached,
And sunshine over the marsh and meadow,
And avenues of mist and shadow,
Before at last the haven's reached.

Oh, best beloved, I may not keep
My soul from these glad, golden spaces,
Nor heed the cloud of dreamland faces,
When thou art mine at the Goal of Sleep.

Fisher's Switch, Ind. —John Marsh.

A Cross-Breed.

Lippincott's Magazine.

A buxom negro woman who had cooked for a number of years in the family of a Jewess announced to her mistress one morning her intention of quitting the job.

"Why are you going to leave us, Mary?" inquired the Hebrew lady.

"Well, missus," explained the cook, "I's gwintah git mar'ied."

"That won't make any difference," said the lady, "there's room enough in my yard for you and your husband; you don't have to leave because you're going to be married."

"But," replied the colored woman sheepishly, "you don't know who I's gwinetah mar'y;" and, without giving the Jewess time to ask further questions, she said, "I's gwinetah mar'y a Chinee, missus."

The employer raised her hands in holy horror. "Oh, Mary," she said, "have you thought of what you're going to do?"

"Oh, yas, ma'am," said Mary; "we's thought about it—we loves each uddah, missus."

"I don't mean that," said the Jewess. "I'm thinking about your children, Mary. Have you thought about what they'll be?"

"Oh, missus," said Mary, looking up in meek submission and intending no insult, "I knows dey'll be Jews, but I can't help it."

From the Persian.

Had the cat wings, what bird could live in air?
Had each his wish, what would God have to spare. —Saadi.

VERY SMALL SUIT.

Mrs. Wise—Great heavens, Henry. Just look at this bathing suit the dressmaker sent me. It's not the right color, and——

Henry Wise—There, there, my dear. Don't worry over trifles.

THE MINES OF ARIZONA

TERRITORY RICH IN MINERALS, BUT MUCH MONEY IS ILL-SPENT.

Where the Best Copper Districts Are and Their Prospects—Risks in Investments.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

BISBEE, A. T., June 16.—The territory of Arizona is as great in area as New York, Pennsylvania and several of the adjacent smaller States combined. Its railroad development is scant and the distances are great. To visit its various mining camps and to report fully on each would be a matter of many months of hard work. It may be said, however, in a general way, that the mountain ranges with which the Territory is liberally supplied are practically all metaliferous. Gold, silver and copper are found nearly everywhere throughout the hills, and lead is but little less common. This very profusion of mineral wealth is embarrassing, for not every showing will make a mine. There are thousands of claims in Arizona showing copper and the precious metals that are, in all likelihood, absolutely worthless, yet are held doggedly by their owners and assessment work done year after year. Eastern investors are putting large sume into Arizona mines, and the prices paid for some of the prospects are appallingly high. No man should pay a high price for Arizona claims unless they present a really promising showing, for the reason that it is possible to locate claims at almost any point in any mountain range from which a showing in gold, silver and copper can be secured from a few feet of tunnel or shaft.

Already there are hundreds of promising gold, silver and copper mines in Arizona and eventually there will be thousands, but the number of properties of little or no promise far exceeds those of promise. This is inevitable and is probably true of any good mining district of the world. The good mines are always surrounded by poor ones.

Outside investors are picking up a great deal of trash at fancy prices in Arizona. Occasionally the shrewd investors are buying some excellent bargains, but they are not getting such for a mere song. Arizona mining claims are ruling high in the market at present. There is more or less skullduggery in the selling of claims that are worthless or but little better, but in justice to Arizona prospectors and brokers it should be stated that at least half the rascality—and perhaps two-thirds of it—is on the part of Eastern brokers and promoters who want a big rake-off and take it out of the pockets of their friends and clients. The English investors in Arizona mines have been especially unfortunate, and in nearly every case it is because the "expert" they sent out here was venal, or an ignoramus. In many cases the party or parties investigating the claims have been kept so thoroughly soaked in Scotch or rye whisky, Hennesy brandy, Bass ale and champagne of various brands that their recollections of Arizona must resemble those of a country sport who has made a three days' inspection of the Tenderloin under experienced guidance.

PLENTY OF MINERAL SIGNS.

To summarize: There is gold, silver and copper, and frequently all three, in nearly every twenty-acre mining claim in the hills of Arizona, but a little mineral, even though it assays well, does not make a mine. Many of the veins are mere stringers, lacking length and depth and not worth developing. Quantity as well as quality is required to make a paying mine. The cost of development and equipment is heavy and unless a considerable body of ore of at least fair grade is developed the mine will prove a loser financially.

The copper developments of Arizona are mainly in the four counties of Cochise, Graham, Gila and Yavapai. The mines of Cochise county are in Bisbeo, eight miles north of the Mexican line, and in the southeastern corner of the territory. The Graham county mines are at Clifton and Morenci, northeast of Bisbee and near the New Mexico border. The ore bodies in Graham county are of immense size, but the grade is low. Profits are secured by the well-managed companies through the exercise of rigid economy and large initial expenditures for large and modern plants. Lixiviation is quite extensively used in Graham county and will probably come into even more general use in the future. The new eight-hour law which went into force on June 1 had led to a serious strike which has tied up the majority of the producing mines of Graham county.

In Gila county, which is in approximately the center of the territory, the developments to date have not resulted in the opening of dividend-paying mines. There is renewed activity in this field and the Old Dominion mine is now on a profit-earning basis, though dividends have not been begun. The mine would have netted about $350,000 in 1901 but for the mistaken policy of the management then in control, which held its copper until after the big slump in prices. There are important new developments at several points in the Globe district though not immediately in the camp, and several of these are said to possess considerable promise.

In Yavapai county there is but one real copper mine though several promising properties are undergoing development. Yavapai county is noted for its gold mines, of which it has a large number, good, bad and indifferent. It has also been made famous as a copper center by a single mine, the United Verde, mainly owned and absolutely controlled by Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana. This mine is a single monstrous ledge of sulphide copper ore, in slates. The ore averages 7 per cent. or better in copper, with fair gold and silver values and also carries a quartz dyke having very high values in gold. The quartz is ground and mixed with clay to make linings for the converters and from a process that is ordinarily a dead loss, there is secured no small part of the revenue of the mine. The net cost of United Verde copper is 3 to 4 cents per pound, laid down at the Atlantic seaboard. The mine, while of phenomenal richness and size, is worked under very great disadvantages. It is subject to spontaneous combustion, because of its richness in sulphur and its shattered condition, and is a hard mine in which to work. The smelting plant is squarely on top of the ore body and although requiring a pillar variously estimated at one to three million tons to remain untouched for an underpinning, the smelting plant and general mine buildings are frequently damaged by the ground caving below. It is the almost unanimous opinion of mining men most conversant with this property that the United Verde could easily double or treble its normal output of 40,000,000 pounds of refined copper yearly were adequate smelting facilities provided elsewhere than right on top of the mine itself.

THE COPPER REGIONS.

The principal copper-producing camps of Arizona rank approximately as follows in point of output: Clifton-Morenci, Bisbee, Jerome, Globe. Bisbee has shown a remarkable gain in output during the past six months owing to the beginning of production by the Calumet and Arizona mine, which is now one of the four largest copper producers in the Territory, and one of the ten largest in the world. The Graham county mines are also showing an increase, or were doing so previous to the present strike, owing partly to the beginning of production by the New Shannon mine, but mainly to increased production secured at the older mines. Jerome has shown a decrease latterly, owing to a combination of troubles, that included an exceptionally serious mine fire and a strike that affected the entire mine and smelter force. The Treadwell is the most advanced among the prospects of the Jerome district. As a rule the prospects in the Jerome district are being developed on a scale that will take many years to make a producing mine, even with favorable developments.

In addition to the important centers of copper production already named there are other points of more or less development and promise, as at Pearce, Cochise county, in Coconino county, Pinal county and Maricopa county. There are also copper prospects in Yuma county and elsewhere.

It must not be inferred from the somewhat pessimistic remarks in the opening paragraphs of this letter that the writer is unfavorably impressed by the copper resources of Arizona. On the contrary there is no other cupriferous field of the world, excepting, possibly, the adjoining Mexican State of Sonora, of greater promise. It does seem sad, though, to note the great waste of Eastern capital in prospects of little or no value, knowing that such money is so invested that it will injure both the investors and the Territory of Arizona, when the latter has so many promising openings for investment.

HORACE J. STEVENS.

A Trout Fishing Adventure.

Edwin Sandys, in the World's Work.

On another occasion, in northern Michigan, I was trout fishing in company with a veteran timber cruiser, a man who knew everything about the rough bush life. In time we reached a bend in the stream where a lot of small logs had jammed during the spring freshet. My comrade unconcernedly ventured upon the logs, and before I could follow, by some mischance, he stepped upon a loose one and instantly disappeared. Had I not been looking at him it is likely I should have imagined he had crossed and gone into the brush upon the farther side. One log of all the mass was rolling and a hand showed at one side of it. To dart across and seize the hand occupied very few seconds, but, to my horror, I could not pull him up through the narrow space through which he had slipped. To set a foot upon the log either side the opening and shove with all strength was the only hope. For seconds I clung to the wrist and strained mightily. Slowly the logs separated and up he came till he was able to twist upon his stomach across a log. Half-drowned as he was, he had not lost his nerve. "Do—don't let 'em squeeze back on me!" he gasped, and a moment later he was on his feet. Most men would have weakened then, but he was iron. He had swallowed a lot of water, had been cheek by jowl with an awful death, yet he had no idea of proving false. The logs were slowly slipping farther apart and I was standing like a certain large gentleman of Rhodes, and unable to stand much more spreading or to spring to either side, while, of course, to slip into the water meant to enter the trap he had just escaped. In a few seconds he seized my hand, and one quick haul carried me to firm footing. The logs at once closed like a gigantic trap. When we reached solid ground my comrade almost collapsed, and for half an hour he was a very sick man. Later he said: "I held my breath as long as I could, calculatin' you might try to get me, an', pardner, I'll never forget that little turn. I reckon I was in a mighty tight place."

THE TRUE BETSY ROSS.

Woman Who Made Our First Flag Was Much Married.

Philadelphia Record.

There is a very popular colored print, which has had a large sale since the little house at No. 239 Arch street became one of the show places of Philadelphia, and which is supposed to represent Betsey Ross displaying the first American flag to General Washington, Robert Morris and George Ross. In this picture she wears a Quaker-like dress and cap and looks distinctly matronly and middle-aged, though she was but twenty-four years old at the time of the historical visit of the congressional committee. George Ross, a Pennsylvania signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the uncle of her first husband, a fact which may account for the government contract for flags having been placed in the hands of the courageous young widow. Of her life before and after the making of the first national flag so little is known to the average American that she may be regarded as one of the half-legendary figures of the revolutionary period. And yet she was three times a wife and thrice a widow, and her children's children are living in Philadelphia at the present day.

Elizabeth Griscom was born Jan. 1, 1752, of Quaker parentage. Of her girlhood little is known, save that she lived it according to the rules of the Society of Friends. The only thing for which she seems to have been noted was her exquisite skill in needlework, which was to prove a valuable art to her in later years. Above her young head, on public holidays, floated the red flag of Great Britain, with the white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew displayed as a union. Perhaps the little maid may have copied those bright ensigns while employed with her needle, not dreaming that she would some day be called upon to make a flag of a different pattern by men who were in arms against their King. But in that quiet Quaker town, during the years of her placid girlhood, all was peace; and even when, in the latter part of 1773, she married John Ross, the son of Rev. Aeneas Ross, an Episcopal clergyman, the outlook to the confident young people seemed a cheerful one.

The young married couple at once took the house at No. 239 Arch street, where they carried on the upholstery business, in which form of work there was a constant demand made on Mrs. Ross' skill as a needlewoman. They appear to have been thrifty, contented and cheerful, but their happiness was destined to be shortlived. War was brewing and hundreds of American patriots were sacrificing the comforts of home for the hardships of a soldier's life. Among the foremeast of these was young John Ross. One night, while guarding some military stores on one of the Delaware river wharves, he received so serious an injury that he died from the effects of it, after long and anxious nursing on the part of his loving and devoted young wife. He was buried in the Christ Church ground, Fifth and Arch streets, Jan. 20, 1776. The Ross pew, marked with a national flag, is still preserved in the historical old church.

Left a widow at the early age of twenty-four, Mrs. Ross heroically determined to maintain her independence if possible by continuing the business of her young husband had established, and in this attempt she was greatly aided by receiving the government contract for army and navy flags. Probably, as previously suggested, her uncle, George Ross, was instrumental in obtaining this work for her; at any rate, she was paid £14 12s 2d by Congress "for flags for the fleet in the Delaware river," while she still wore her widow's cap. As this payment was made fully one month before the act of Congress which established a national standard, it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide how these flags were patterned. Probably they displayed State devices and mottoes.

On the day after her flag was adopted by act of Congress, and as if in celebration of that event, Elizabeth Ross again became a wife. Her second husband was Capt. Joseph Ashburn, to whom she was united in the Old Swedes Church, Philadelphia, June 15, 1777. Captain Ashburn commanded a company in a Pennsylvania line regiment, and is said to have been an ardent patriot and a capable officer. He had the misfortune, however, to be captured by the British before he had gained any marked distinction in the field, and he never again saw his young wife or his native land. He died a prisoner of war March 3, 1782. The old Mill Prison, Plymouth, England, in which Captain Ashburn was confined, has since been made famous in more than one romance of those troubled times.

The news of Captain Ashburn's death was brought to America by John Claypole, who had been his fellow-prisoner at Plymouth. This was after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, when actual hostilities between the two countries had ceased. As often happens in real life and in romance, Claypole fell in love with the widow of his dead friend, and on the 8th of May, 1783, he was married to her. As Elizabeth Claypole the fair maker of the American flag passed twenty-four years of quiet, contented married life, her third husband dying on the 3d of August, 1817. Then followed nineteen years of serene old age, during which period the woman who had witnessed the birth of the Republic saw it firmly established among the great powers of the world. She died on the 30th of January, 1836, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Education Before a National Theater.

Edward A. Sothern, in Good Housekeeping.

There is a good deal of talk just now about a national theater. It would be a fine thing to have, but a better thing would be a more elevated public taste, and it is intended that the national theater shall attain this object. For my own part I am fond of all kinds of plays, well done, and I shriek with delight at the very primitive forms of humor. The clown poking the pantaloon with a redhot poker—I love it. The Irishman kicking his comrade so hard that he turns a double somersault—I hold my sides and roar; but once or twice a year will do for that; my sense rebels at a steady diet of redhot pokers and violent kicks, and the strong meat of the drama I crave, and when people know the keen delight to be derived from the proper presentation of the great plays, comic and tragic, they will gladly give up the clown and the acrobatic Irishman now and then. But an early acquaintance with the poets, a cultivated taste for good plays and fine acting, in fact the advantages of a good education; these are the things which, by creating a demand, will make it necessary for actors to play great plays.